Rom. Out of her fauour where I am in loue.
Ben. Alas that loue ſo gentle in his view,
Should bee ſo tyranous and rough in proofe.
Romeo. Alas that loue, whoſe view is muffled ſtill,
Should without eyes, ſee path-waies to his wil:
Where ſhall we dine? O me: what fray was here?
Yet tell me not, for I haue heard it all:
Heres much to doe with hate, but more with loue:
Why then O brawling loue, O louing hate,
O any thing of nothing firſt created:
O heauie lightneſſe, ſerious vanity,
Miſhapen Chaos of welſeeming formes,
Feather of lead, bright ſmoke, cold fier, ſicke health,
Still waking ſleepe, that is not what it is.
This loue feele I, that feele no loue in this,
Doeſt thou not laugh?
Ben. No Coze, I rather weepe.
Rom. Good heart at what?
Ben. At thy good hearts oppreſsion.
Romeo. Why ſuch is loues tranſgreſsion.
Griefes of my owne lie heauy in my breſt,
Which thou wilt propagate to haue it preſt,
With more of thine, this loue that thou haſt ſhowne,
Doth ad more griefe, to too much of mine owne.
Loue is a ſmoke made with the fume of ſighes,
Being purg'd, a fire ſparkling in louers eyes,
Being vext, a ſea nouriſht with louing teares,
What is it elſe? a madneſſe moſt diſcreet,
A choking gall, and a preſeruing ſweet:
Farewell my Coze.
Ben. Soft, I will goe along.
And if you leaue me ſo, you doe me wrong.
Rom. Tut, I haue loſt my ſelfe, I am not here,
This is not *Romeo*; hees ſome other where.
Ben. Tell me in ſadneſſe, who is that you loue?
Rom. VVhat ſhall I grone and tell thee?
Ben. Grone, why no: but ſadly tell me who:

Rom.

Rom. Bid a ſicke man in ſadneſſe mak
A word ill vrgd to one that is ſo ill:
In ſadneſſe Couzen, I doe loue a woman.
Ben. I aymd ſo neare, when I ſuppos
Rom. A right good marke-man, and f
Ben. A right faire marke, faire Coze
Romeo. Well, in that hit you miſſe, ſhe
With *Cupids* arrow, ſhe hath *Dians* wit:
And in ſtrong proofe of chaſtitie well ar
From loues weake childiſh Bow ſhe liue
Shee will not ſtay the ſiege of louing te
Nor bide th' incounter of aſſailing eyes.
Nor ope her lap to Sainct ſeducing gold
O ſhe is rich in beautie, onely poore,
That when dyes, with beautie dyes her
Ben. Then ſhe hath ſworne, that ſhe
Rom. She hath, and in that ſparing m
For beautie ſterv'd with her ſcueritie,
Cuts beautie off from all poſteritie.
She is to faire, too wiſe, wiſely too faire,
To merit bliſſe, by making me deſpaire:
She hath forſworne to loue, and in that
Doe I liue dead, that liue to tell it now.
Ben. Be rulde by me, forget to thinke
Rom. O teach me how I ſhould forge
Ro. By giuing liberty vnto thine eye
Examine other beauties.
Ro. T'is the way to call hers (exquiſi
Theſe happie Maskes that kiſſe faire La
Being blacke, puts vs in minde they hide
He that is ſtrooken blind, cannot forget
The precious treaſure of his eye-ſight lo
Shew me a Miſtris that is paſſing faire,
What doth her beautie ſerue but as a no
Where I may reade who paſt that paſſin
Farewell thou canſt not teach me to forg
Ben. Ile pay that doctrine, or elſe dy

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet* (STC 22325a) LONDON, 1622 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G e.25)